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A GEOLOGICAL VISION

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T. A. Conrad

GEOLOGICAL VISION

AND

OTHER POEMS.

Stat nominis umbra.

[by Timothy Abbott Conrad]

TRENTON:

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A GEOLOGICAL VISION.

The theory of the earth alluded to in this poem assumes that the crust of the earth has a magnetic movement from south to north. It is introduced as a mere sport of Fancy, not as a scientific fact.

GREAT Nature never rests; her features change
Unceasing as the measured flight of Time,
And the earth's surface is no stable field
Where man looks out upon the Pleiades,
Or bright Orion, or the Southern Cross,
The Polar Bear or Magellanic clouds;
But the grand hosts of heaven in solemn march
Appear to vanish star by star in space,
For land is flowing, solid as it seems,
Unceasing northward; born in frigid zone
Of the Antarctic ocean, it spreads out
A submarine vast plain, whereon in Time
The fiat of Omnipotence brings forth
The earliest types of animated clay,
Marine exclusively, for land was not
Above salt Neptune in the cloudy air,
But one vast ocean circled round the globe;
And now the idle tourist listless treads
Along the populous rocks at Trenton Falls,

Nor deems he walks the old Antarctic floor
Of primal Neptune—What to him, are shells
And curious trilobites, except to win
A moment's wonder? But to him who reads
The annals of the Past in this strange tongue
Carved in enduring rocks, how awful seems
The twilight of creation, passing strange
This early world; these earliest forms of life,
So widely variant from existent beings,
Earliest expression of the thoughts of God.
But who shall number the departed years
From out the past eternity, since these
Were yet a living language? Not for man
In all his boasted science is it given
To fathom the immeasurable Past.
But 'tis enough to contemplate the march,
The awful march of Life thro' eras vast, [change
And trace God's thoughts in each successive
In the vast chain of beings—link on link,
Drops in the abyss of Time, but nobler still
New links succeed, and thus as in a dream
The grand procession moves. From west to east
Unceasing turns our planet, while the force
Magnetic moves from south to north and rolls
Old Neptune onward towards the arctic pole,
And not alone, for all the flowery lands,
The mountainous continents, volcanic isles,

Great lakes and deserts; all in silence move,
Borne by interior current, and again
Great tension in the solid rock creates [nod;
The earthquake shock; Olympian mountains
Earth sinks or rises now with ruinous speed,—
Affrighted people fall; time honored walls
And gorgeous temples topple; land assumes
To emulate the instability
Of storm-vext Neptune; fearful chasms ope,
And pestilential vapors decimate
Afflicted nations. This in southern climes
Where Earth attains not yet the rest of age;
But in the ancient north, beyond the tropic,
Earth sinks and rises by degrees so slow,
Few note the strange, inevitable doom.
As seasons change, so does the glorious face
Of mother Earth; her lofty brow declines,
And giant rocks fall in her flowery lap;
New mountains rise, and valleys sink between,
Creating beauty and variety
Of the monotonous and sunburnt plains.
Unresting sand invades the realm of Ceres;
The solemn desert now forever holds
Ruined Palmyra in her stern embrace.
Meanwhile the continent, ocean born, looms up
Above the wave, and Flora comes from heaven
To shape her earthly Eden; not for her

The blushing petal or the odorous air ;
Her garden in its infancy was green
But never gay. No crimson rose looked down
On "violets dim," and cheerless silence reigned,
Unbroken by the summer hum of bees,
Or cadency of birds, or insect life,
Or piping frog, or any vernal sound [not yet—
That makes the young heart glad. These were
These were expressions Nature had not learned.
Sweet Flora in her infancy was nursed
In the deep caverns or upon the bosom
Of misty islands of primeval seas ;
No rose-bloom mantled o'er her infant form,
And in monotonous green her garden spread
Upon that silent ocean of the dawn.
As ages pass, mysterious forces form
New ornamental life ; the ambitious palm
Spreads its green coronal in misty air,
And ferny woods abound. Now glide along
The shell-embroidered strand, strange forms un-
Development of Pain ; and if on land [couth,
Aught lived that had a nerve to wound, some
fierce
And ravenous monster tracked him to his lair ;
While in the sea grim Terror reigned supreme.
Peace, like Astræa, fled to heaven, and ne'er
Returned to earth :—The scene of violence

Has never intermitted: it would seem
As though one being were designed by heaven
To feed another, and a mother's care
Is but to guard her offspring from the jaws
Of hungry monsters in this jarring world.
"Whatever is, is right"—better die young
Than spin the years out to extremest age,
As man's unhappy destiny. Then the war
Of hopes and fears, the excitement of the chase,
The gladness of escape; hunger's fell pangs;
The pleasures of repletion; all the grief
And joyance crowded in the rapid hours,
Invade the ennui of the ferine tribes,
And make their lives a joy and buoyant health;
Their loves made deeper by their transient fears;
And their sleep sweeter by their active toil.

II.

But who shall tell how oft the scene was changed;
What strange new actors trod the earth and
To nothingness—a few mementoes left; [passed
A monster bone or murderous tooth now hint
A tragedy of the past, and conjure up
Scenes that fair Science paints in truthful colors,
Wilder than aught Imagination knows
In her illimitable realm. What end
God had in view on this resplendent earth,
Garnished with floral harmonies and clothed

"With light as with a mantle," while Despair
And Terror and inexorable Death
Chased the inhabitants like spectral hounds,
No record told; no Œdipus divined!
Man was not here to wonder; not for him
Orion nightly wheeled his course through heaven,
While Venus and Diana vainly sought
An eye to mark their beauty; not for him
The world was rolling then, and not for him
The rose-lipped shell was flung by laughing
Neptune
On the bright sand of that primeval shore,
Nature, unconscious of her own existence,
Slept through a past eternity and then
Awoke in a new world of conscious light,
A glorious realm of immaterial mind
To glass the Almighty in its infinite depth.
Were there immortal and transcendant beings
In other spheres, who complimented Time
On new found consciousness? Or was all space,
All astral systems still without a soul?
God only knows! for Science cannot fathom
Such oceans of uncertainty, though far
Imagination glides into the past,
Still hand in hand with Truth, and sees a world
Given up to brute and vegetable life
Through countless cycles; and instructed by

The onward progress of organic forms,
The failing types; and new creations known
To push them from the scene; she shapes a
In lineaments idealized by knowledge [future
Of the grand Past—she sees that races perish—
The Dodo and the Indian pass away;
The Carib is no more; while in the north
The old Earth dies insensibly, and far
In arctic frost the hoary Neptune raves
His wintry obsequies. Young continents rise
In austral zones, and like all youthful life
Are boisterous and aspiring; climbing up
To heaven in Cordilleras and forever
Uneasy on their heaving couch beneath;
Too young for rest, or such repose as Time
Gives to the aged North. As Norway sinks,
And Sweden follows to her doom, so onward
The arrogant isle of boasting Britain moves,
And equatorial lands in all their pride,
Their fabulous beauty, the magnetic course
Slowly pursue; and thus where Europe now
Spreads the completed glory of the north,
Shall take their place and rear their towering
crests,
And as they pass, their features slowly change;
They take new forms, and one by one dismiss
The tropic palm, long-leaved banana, and

The parrot and the monkey, taking on
A graver dress as best beseems their age.
Mysterious mountains, in the austral seas,
Rise from Earth's centre, yet beneath the wave,
And on their brows the coral insects build
Their branching dwellings ; marble palaces,
With tracery delicate as the architect
Has ever in imagination carved
In Parian stone : Luxor and Thebes and great
Ausonian Rome, once mistress of the world,
Are dwarfed by insect cities, 'round whose walls
The Indian ocean with his battering waves
For æons storms in vain ; and in the sand
Of populous Egypt, shall the pyramids,
Eternal as they seem, crumble to dust,
When these vast ocean cities, coral built,
Shall be foundations of great palmy isles,
Or continents ; and they shall teem with life
When Egypt is no more. No towers of old
Compared in altitude to coral walls ;
For based on sinking floors by Vulcan built,
Beneath the sun-lit, green, translucent sea,
Neptunian emerald of the tropic zone,
The ancient corals in profoundest depths,
Inanimate lie, and as the existing race
Industrious build on old ancestral halls,
Beneath the billow, they in turn go down

To the abyss ; but still the race survives.
These submarine, deserted palaces,
And populous cities of the tropic seas,
Like Parian marble, glittering in the sun,
Are embryo islands, o'er whose beauteous bosom,
The cocoa palms shall wave their feathery crowns.

III.

The waves are architects, and on the beach
They build of coral sands, unnumbered shells,
The iris-tinted ornaments of Neptune
Will offer up their glories to the sun
And fade like human beauty. On the isles
Later the flower, then the bird, and all
The active life, that islands know, appears ;
But whence they come—mysterious origin
Of myriad tribes which throng'd the Nereid's halls,
Who knows, but the Supreme ? The elements
Are uncreated and eternal ! Vacancy
Was never ; and all matter must obey
One code of laws which had no origin
In time ; a code eternal, of which man
Has partial knowledge, and as year on year
Rolls on the cycle of his destiny,
He treads still nearer towards the awful verge
Of human knowledge, where when he arrives,

A wall of darkness bounds his narrow vision,
On which, as on a canvas, he may sketch
A fanciful hypothesis to brighten
The misty moments of a life of toil.
There an inscription shall but faintly trace
The origin of what has been and will be;
The stains and cracks of immemorial walls
Are full as eloquent of occult truth,
As is the learnèd guesswork of the sage
Of the incipient dawn of varied life.
No power can recall the past, nor will
To set aside the awful destiny
Of systems, laws inexorably rule.
But as the elements are eternal, Time
Is their immortal agent; in his flight
Pauseless and measureless, he witnesses
Unending changes in harmonious spheres;
Never the end of all. What then is life?
Whence came it? Were the multifarious germs
Forever slumbering in material bounds,
Nursed to the starting point by patient Time?
This, human reason cannot comprehend,
But vainly strives to pass its prison bars
In search of Truth beyond. 'Tis not for us
To talk of God as some great Architect,
A mere mechanic idol of the Fancy,
And shape him in our human lineaments;

This, for the ignorant. The instructed mind
Claims no familiar and presumptuous knowledge
Of that vast, awful, overruling Power
Concealed from human scrutiny forever.
Could man detect the floral germs in crystals,
Or trace the animal embryo in the plant,
This would not lift the veil. Magnetic forces
And light, if variant stand on the confines
Of Nature as we know her, and permit
No glance beyond. But one primeval Record
Indelible while the solid earth remains,
The word of God, from countless centuries,
Revealed to man, in world-encircling rocks,
By the clear valley spring; on Alpine heights,
Beneath a thousand cities; and from shores
And regions near the cloudy Chiloe,
To equatorial Edens; thence as far
As Norway sloping to the Arctic sea;—
These records tell the grandest truth we know,
So plainly that the school-boy learns to read,
And understand what Plato could not fathom.
This is the law of progress; this the history,
The unimagined wondrous march of beings;
New faunas rising o'er another's ruins,
Each nobler than the pride of eras past;
Marvellous procession dating from the day
When the monotonous eternity

Was startled by the glorious birth of life;
This Truth is as a weapon of the mind,
To pierce the phalanx of Cimmerian errors.
The shadowy visions of the past, and myths
Of Grecian or Egyptian lore, that veiled
The infant Science with a drapery woven
In the Pierian looms of early days,
Fade in the light of Reason: Jove has fled
And vast Olympus is a desert realm.
The Dryads vanish from the mourning wood,
The Nereids from the sea; and Pan no longer
Pipes o'er the cradle of young Reason, sweet
But enervating strains; so fade away
From rising Science, ghosts of gloomier birth,
Long wandering in the dark, affrighting souls
In misty paths of Error, that disfigure
The beautiful expanse of life wherever
The human face the rose bloom wears, God's last
And fairest work, from whose enfranchised mind
The Boa-coils of Superstition slow
Unwind. The story of rebellious spirits
Warring with God, with human engines armed,
Grafted by Poetry on Jewish faith,
Reluctant skulks beneath the pitiless glance
Of Truth, and only lingers in the world
Beneath the immortal drapery Milton wove;
Pierian fabric, by the Muses graced

With choicest imagery, dazzling the eye,
Unused to see the monster which it drapes.
No such phantasmas desecrate the hall
Of Science; there no writing on the wall
Invites firm reason to forego her dower,
And bow to the omnipotence of dreams.

IV.

Thus we embrace fair Science, to escape
From hurtful errors, and pursue her path,
Whether it lead among the Pleiades,
Or nebulous lights beyond remotest stars
That mortals nightly witness; and how grand,
How overwhelming is the imagined birth
Of systems from ærial substances
That float in space; if planets have condensed
From such thin elements; the law may be
That condensation ends them. Endless change,
Creation and destruction rule the orbs,
The infinitude of planets and of stars
As surely as the transient things of earth.
Thus the moon ever seeks the earth and rolls
More speedy in her orbit, and the earth
Is wandering slowly towards the sun, and where
In the same point of space our planet turns,
The outer planets will successive come,
Their size diminished and their surface changed,

When this fair orb lies molten in the sun,
With Mercury and Venus. But however,
Truth this imaginary doom may sanction,
Certain it is, inevitable change
Is matter's destiny, and 'tis in vain
Imagination seeks to shape the scenes
Which in the book of Fate are somewhere sketched
By God's own thoughts, to us a volume sealed.
Could human genius penetrate so far
Into the history of Infinitude,
'Twould read as fable to the sceptic world,
As did the bark propelled against the wind,
Sailless and mastless, to the Indian seem.

V.

The long succession of earth's races prove
Eras so wonderful and vast, that man
May question Time about the cycles gone
And have no answer, for the old god's memory
Can scarce recal the infancy of earth;
But he who is disposed to meditate [heights
On this grand theme may climb the wintry
Of cloud-capped Cordilleras, in the land
Of fair Brazil, and near the eternal snow
Of dolphin hues in equatorial light
He finds the sea-born shell, interpreter

Of Titan peaks, whose infancy was nursed
In Neptune's bosom. From their altitude
The condor gazes o'er the wide Pacific
And eastward fails to see the torrid shore,
Where Oronoco meets the Atlantic wave;
Yet this vast continent was once the floor
Of ocean; and in further quest we find
The Appalachian mountains and the far
Vast Hymalaya, glorious Alpine crags
And Pyrenean, shadow forth the drama
Of Earth; the present era the last act;
And the prime actors, Neptune and Old Time
Have played through many scenes. With tiny
shells
They built the rocks of which the pyramids
Were sloped toward Egypt's sky; and the vast
mantle
Which clothes this granite orb is great part woven
Of the firm texture of enduring shells,
From which our veinèd marbles; and of these,
The gems which paved the ancient halls of
Thetis,
The language of our mother earth is formed,
Through which she holds discourse with finite
Revealing her eventful history; [man,
Her struggles with old Pluto, and the annals
Of her Neptunian warfare; realm on realm,

Island on island from the sea-god conquered.
Thus by degrees, through countless ages rose
The glorious continents from out the sea,
And vegetable life with a green mantle [faded
Clothed their rude bosoms yearly, while the
And ruinous garments of the past, prepared
The earth for her first faunas, which in turn
Gave place to nobler forms, and last to man;
But with his advent, o'er the unstable earth
Great mammals roamed in equatorial climes,
Now gone, and buried in the temperate zone;
And to the borders of the Arctic pole,
Their reliques, bedded in eternal ice,
Are frequent witnessed by adventurous men,
Who brave the polar storm and icy breath
Of winter near his throne. Mysterious rest
Awaited all these giant forms of life,
Beneath eternal glaciers of the north,
An icy sepulchre, no summer sun
Can ever melt. No seer hath e'er divined
A polar air and source of light and food
That could endow such Titan herds with life,
But in progression of earth's crust we find
A vivid picture of the past, and see
The grand procession—Slowly towards the north
Moves on the populous plain with crowded
palms,

And tropic plants, whose relics now appear
In Arctic climes. No other cause than this,
The onward movement, can uplift the vast
Mysterious veil, unless the Arctic pole
Once turned to meet the equatorial sun.
The thermal air which fans the Indian plain,
Or Borneo's shore, or Afric's sunburnt realm,
Could never visit Arctic nights to nurse
The columned palm, or ornamental fern,
That waved its crest so proudly in the air,
Nor did the mammoth ever roam o'er plains
Where half the year, Auroral light alone
Streams thro' the sunless air; no records now
In the progression of man's little day
Suffice to indicate a change of place
In earthly scenes, but neither do they note
The earth's contraction, nor the ancient loss
Of carbon in the air, nor changed conditions
In the now changeless temperature of climes.
In the earth's infancy, Siluria formed
The ocean's austral floor; its fauna now
Is traced in Russia, China and the vast
American expanse in latitudes
Near to that northern and mysterious pole,
The magnet of adventurous prows. An era
The earliest known to Science, which unfolds
On a vast page the fairest history,

That now illumes the annals of the dawn :
Yet for these annals on the Arctic rocks
Who shall decide ? The only clue yet found,
Leading through this mysterious labyrinth,
Is the hypothesis of which is woven
The gossamer of this airy fantasy ;
This fading summer dream, recorded here.

VI.

Now when the advance of vegetable life
Brought in the reign of Ceres, man appeared.
How strange to find himself alone on earth !
No record of past life—to him the bones
Of fossil mammals could not realize
The brief career and the approaching fall
To pitiless dust. But yet how bright his dream,
In the fair morning of those primal days !
How the fond hearts had instantly intwined
Their subtlest fibres fresh and strong, and there
No fear might jar the music of their chords.
The spectre of cold death came not at eve
To make the darkness awful ; but the pulse
Was jubilant with health ; no torment came
From sins ancestral ; no discordant error
Coursed the pure veins of that primeval pair ;
Envy and hate and jealousy were not
A blight upon the flowers that strewed their way ;

And Eden was wherever they might wander
And find a tree for shelter. Such may grace
The poet's canvas cloud; but Science beckons,
And the lone muser turns to other scenes
Imagination pictures—dark and rude
Those primal forms as the degraded tribes
Of Afric's torrid region, or the wild
Inhabitants of vast Australian plains,
Whilst Time and culture have combined to form
The heroic race that made of Grecian isles
The Eden of the earth, if where the Graces
Have showered their choicest gifts, can Eden be;
And where the purest sky and vesper air
Paint sea and land in sapphire tints, and summer
Heirs the sweet coronal of departing spring.

VII.

At first the mind, like to a fairy mirror,
Reflects external Nature; Reason yet
Is in her embryo sleep, and doubts and fears
Have not yet left their track upon the brain,
Nor that great power, Abstraction; the advance
Was slow but sure, and each idea gained,
Held to the memory as the Orchid's roots
Drink from the mossy bark of tropic trees
Their wine etherial, which in sunny hours

Turns to that joyous pendent elegance
That drapes the forest with a floral veil.
A new idea modifies the brain,
And the development, the parent oft
Of a capacity the mind has not
Brought with it in the world to which it came.
The tree of knowledge grows, unnoticed yet
By human consciousness; but every year
An added beauty nestles in its leaves
And graces Eden. Time will bring the flower
To startle the awakening sense of beauty,
And growing appetite will claim the fruit.
Then the stern law of human destiny
First makes its impress on the astonished soul,
And he prepares to tread the thorny way
That leads afar from Eden; for to him
An indolent sojourn on beds of flowers
Becomes a sorrow; labor leads to rest;
Breaks up the sad monotony of ease;
Tames the oppressive wildness of the earth,
Clothing man's heritage with elegance,
That his fair mother earth could never have
Unaided by his toil. But Envy now
Has found an entrance to his inmost haunts,
And fain would have the guerdon of his work;
For Indolence is never wise, and knows not
That to enjoy content, and rest and health,

Man pursues pleasure, through the paths of toil,
And self-denial. Nature has her laws ;
And so Society must have a code
Of her own shaping, therefore much at fault ;
Fashioned by erring but improving minds.
The slow advance towards still retreating Truth,
Is like the eccentric comet's orbit vast ;
An infinite cycle on her destined path
To our own system's parent, the great sun.
And what is mind that comprehends and limns
The genesis of earth and travels o'er
Her many phases from remotest time,
And dares to be the prophet of her fate ?
Is she a wanderer from ethereal spheres,
Pitying man's destiny, and prompt to guide
His erring steps ? She is so coy, so fair,
Transcendent in her power, so like a god,
She must be some bright angel sent from heaven,
Redeemer of our life from vulgar uses,
Which when it falls to dust, she bids adieu,
And flies in joyful freedom, back to heaven.

DIOGENES, JR., TO FIDELIA.

SOMEHOW or other, I have found of late
My tub a little narrow, and it smells
Too much of cedar, and I asked of Fate
If only in a tub Contentment dwells! [guess,
And something whispered me, "Cannot you
Content ne'er lived with single blessedness!"

Why then, said I, Content is but a stranger
In this wide wilderness we call the world;
Do we not see a thousand ills endanger
The flower just as its petals are unfurled.
Content in married life seems just as rare
As buds on the night-blooming Cereus are.

And rapture is a meteor gleam that passes,
Ere we can say it glanced upon our heart;
Where but a moment Love his radiance glasses:
The mirror sullies and its rays depart;
So short is joy, so transient is her blush,
That life at best, seems scarcely worth a rush.

But floating o'er this cynical decision, [breath.
Comes a sweet promise like young Flora's
The incense of a summer evening vision
Pouring its balm upon the thoughts of death,
Without this influence, dark this world must be—
And what is life, if not in sympathy?

But grant that Pleasure is a mere illusion,
That joy is brief, and rapture but a dream;
Who would not rather amid Life's confusion,
Have but the memory of Affection's gleam;
Than wrap a stoic robe around his form,
Instead of one as rosy as 'tis warm.

I know content cannot be found in China,
Nor 'neath the shadow of the pyramids;
You stand a better chance with blushing Dinah
Amidst her pots, her platters and her lids;
Has never gentleman of gallant carriage
Stooped to a young and pretty cook in marriage?

'Twould shew for his digestion some compassion,
Economy and domestic life to boot;
I don't advise—nor wish to set the fashion;
I show the flower, 'tis he must test the fruit:
If on good cookery angel Health depend,
He might do worse than make a cook his friend.

I give my voice to love, for Fame's a bubble,
Brittle as that which glitters on a pipe,
And blown with an infinity of trouble,
Making you leaner than a starving snipe,
And planting crow's feet round your failing eye;
While e'en in youth your hair has lost its dye.

And what is business but eternal cheating,
Emptying your neighbor's pockets in your own;
And are the charms of wealth a bit less fleeting
Than any other pleasures you bemoan?
No, by the beard of Pluto, all is flash! [cash.
Though most would make an anchor out of

Sometimes this anchor slips its puny cable,
And leaves the goodly vessel high and dry;
Sometimes it drags the bottom, nor is able
To hold against the idlest winds that fly.
Custom and the foul fiend Intemperance hold
Sardonic glances o'er the man of gold.

We live too fast, and thus our spirits fail us;
E'en in the prime of youth the world grows dark;
Fail not to wonder what the deuce should ail us,
When we jump off from Moderation's ark
Into a stormy sea which we must buffet,
And find no buoyant Hope to help us rough it.

The passions ever will outrun discretion,
Whether we live in some Arcadian spot,
Or make from country life a sad digression.
And in a city chimney hang our pot;
In every place we run away from duty,
And thus our souls resign their primal beauty.

Some take to gambling; some to speculation,
And some life's fever calm with lager beer.
While others with a rosier potation
Their flagging spirits for a moment cheer.
I wish Diogenes could ever show us,
One natural man above us or below us.

One who, content with Nature as a guide,
Makes life a model for the young and pure,
Who see around them naught but care and pride,
And follow in their footsteps to be sure.
Example, all our better nature holds,
Like Laocoon within huge serpent folds.

One in a million may perchance despise
Fashion, opinion, the corrupting laws
Of a corrupt society, the unwise,
The impressible youth, despotic Fashion awes,
Bringing all manners nearly to a level,
And sending sense and virtue to the devil.

Seldom the married man has out-door pleasure;
All business, toil, as I have often heard;
He can't court Nature calmly and at leisure,
Careless of labor as a whistling bird;
And if he pride himself on patch or button,
Does he not grind his nose to earn his mutton?

And why? because that Harlequin named
Fashion,
Rules with despotic, ever-varying mood;
So that her subjects spend their hard earned
Fantastic furniture and fancy food. [cash on
'Tis well we have ingenious paper money,
Or Fashion's bees would lose a lot of honey.

What a sad contrast make the joyous birds,
With their clean feathers and their snug re-
treats,
To the pale, ragged and uncared for herds
Of barefoot children in the wintry streets;
Who have few words of kindness, no sweet home,
No future smiling, wheresoe'er they roam.

Do we not see young maidens, rich and idle,
And the poor girls at their unwholesome work?
Wild colts of boys, at loose, without a bridle,
And children fed on coffee, cakes and pork?
Better a savage life of health and fleas,
Than the fair showing blossoms of disease.

Look on that delicate skin of alabaster,
With violet veins amid the roses bloom,
There on the couch of Beauty sits Disaster,
Training his victim for an early tomb.
That "gloomy Dis" will gather all these charms,
And take the patient from the doctor's arms.

Is there no fruit upon the tree of knowledge
To antidote this heritage of pain ?
No learned doctor fresh from Nature's College,
Who can the mystery of this fate explain ?
Is there no simple, no ambrosial diet
Can keep this devil of Disaster quiet ?

'Tis not in wine's seductive, amber light
Sparkles the spirit of poetic truth ;
Not with a sausage we propose to fight
The enemy of Beauty and of Youth ;
The light that in Hygeia's lamp doth shine
Cannot be fed upon the fat of swine.

Oh ! pig, thou art a nuisance, well did Moses
Name thee unclean and scorn all porky feasts ;
Thou doth offend our stomachs and our noses,
Ugliest of forms, the Caliban of beasts !
'Tis true our beards pay tribute to thy hide,
But sorrow follows thee when baked or fried.

Then we have lobsters, crabs and terrapins,
Snappers and stringy veal and turtle soup,
Goose-liver pies and dumplings for our sins,
And dishes that the Muses cannot stoop
To name ; for who could ask the delicate Nine
To cast a glance on cookery or swine ?

But did we live in that Elysian region,
Where Ceres and Pomona only smile
Upon our tables, we'd escape a legion
Of the blue devils, and their influence vile.
Our spirits like the matin lark would soar,
Hymning the majesty we all adore.

Not sad and in their loneliness all drooping,
As when we will depend upon roast pig;
But as when children come like fairies trooping,
And dancing merrily in waltz or jig,
The incarnation of a happiness,
Which adults want, yet might have, ne'ertheless.

Oh! I have known the time when mere existence,
Was joy beyond the joys I since have known;
When abstinence and coarse fare lent assistance
To manly exercise, and these had grown
Into a habit long since laid aside.
Would, when I parted with them, I had died.

Such life would keep for beauty all her roses,
Now prone to wither even in their prime;
And save the stomach from a thousand doses
Of ipecac or quinine; while old Time
Would half forget the ladies and pass on,
Wondering where all the elderly were gone.

Shade of Methusaleh! How people dwindle,
In these degenerate days of drugs and steam!
Yon aged matron sees her children spindle
To the pale spectres of a midnight dream;
And neither cause nor remedy is known,
To sapient doctor nor to ancient crone.

A truce to moralizing, 'tis but folly,
Let's take the world as easy as a bird;
Hang garlands on the brow of Melancholy,
And with the sweetest music ever heard,
Thy voice, Fidelia, melody and sense,
I'll be content and ask no other recompense

For all unhappy Fate has made me suffer;
Thou art the only ark of refuge now;
Whether life's ocean shall be rough or rougher,
I will not ask of thee the olive bough,
And care not for the barren sea around,
Nor to what distant port we may be bound.

So that Fidelia's star of kindness glimmer,
In the dark eye like starlight o'er the sea;
Though 'round me the dim scene grows dim and dimmer,
Life shall yet be as Paradise to me;
And though old Hyems rides upon the gale.
We'll dazzle Neptune with Love's silken sail

Excuse my levity, my heart is sunny,
  Basking beneath thy beauty's lambent rays;
Deeply I feel, but now and then a funny
  Thought like a ripple on my fancy plays;
Like meteors falling in the sun, or rather
A prisoned fly upon a pot of lather.

Now opposite ideas dance at random,
  Jostling good taste perhaps and sober sense;
But while my heart exulting drives a tandem
  Of Love and Hope, I would not give offense,
'Tis strange that gravity is Wisdom's berry,
While Folly's kernel is a heart that's merry.

But the philosopher is sometimes nappy,
  And prosy too the Poet is, sometimes;
And the sad grumbler may be rarely happy,
  Or ought to be to justify my rhymes;
For many a bard is often forced to be a
Joiner in rhyme to fit a new idea.

Therefore the flowers of Fancy freer bloom
  Than when formality has checked their fun;
When in the border they have elbow-room
  And liberty to seek their parent sun;
His the most skillful hand who makes the flower
The most esteemed of the poetic bower.

But even Freedom has its serious evil,
  Now running into verbose platitude,
And carrying the poor poet to the devil
  Unless rhyme puts a bridle on his mood.
I do not, at the present, dare to state,
Which form of Poesy has the happier fate.

Adieu! Fidelia, I'll put up my whistle,
  Which from the laughing Muse I lately stole;
Forgive this Gilpin-galloping epistle,
  Now madly running past the rhyming goal.
I'll turn, and bidding farewell to the Nine,
Prosaically canter home—and dine.

WISSAHICKON IN APRIL.

THE hemlocks wave their feathery foliage
  Over their dusky shadows; elm and birch
Stretch forth their leafless arms above the still
Smooth Wissahickon, and with pendent red
And pale green blossoms variegate the scene.
A floral smile lights up the hemlock's brow
At frequent intervals, and up the slope,
Gray rocks jut out from floors of velvet moss,
In which, Mitchella's scarlet berries lie,
Like jewels strung on trailing lines of green

Perennial foliage, amid beds of fern
And fallen leaves of russet hue, now sere,
The last year's faded robe—Beloved Houstonias
Infrequent bloom around. In other scenes,
O'er starry meads they court the sun and gather
In loving groups, robed by the breath of Spring
In azure-tinted mantles—they so pure,
So exquisitely simple in attire,
Merit the endearing name of "Quaker Girls"—
On tearful April's bosom, none more lovely;
None whose fair multudinous crowds recall
More vividly the idols of our youth,
When our free hearts exultantly went forth,
Beating beneath the touch of April joys,
Born of the illimitable blue and fanned
By zephyrs dallying with Viola's breath,
And rioting in the freedom of the hours,
When the song sparrow's airy notes are blending
With the Eolian music of the pines.

That modest child of April, sweet Claytonia,
"Spring Beauty" by the priests of Nature named
Looks up and shows her delicate veins of rose
On alabaster petals tinged with pink;
While larger flowers on many a sunny slope
Pure as the falling snow, in starry groups,
The Sanguinaria bears; and Draba still

Presents its humble bloom, like flakes of snow
Profusely scattered o'er reviving earth,
The type and pattern of humility,
With tiny petals odorless and dim,
Yet as the herald of advancing Spring
Thou art as welcome as the Blue-bird's notes,
Or that first promise of the vernal morn,
Aerial music the song-sparrow trills
From bending, leafless sprays; so sweet, so clear,
So exquisitely rendered, it would seem
The song of Eros in his happiest hour.
The early Meadow Rue o'ertops the low
Hepatica, that amethistine flower,
Lowly yet loveliest of the sylvan troop
That court fair April's dewy kiss. Above
These delicate forms, rock haunting Arabis
Spires up, and in a graceful curve, looks down
With inconspicuous features on the beauty
It seems to envy. Climbing Columbines
In niches of the tall, precipitous rocks,
Reserve their banners for victorious May.

Now odorous breathings of the infant grass
Float down the air in brief seductiveness
How transient, faint, superlatively sweet!
Here on the tissue of Arachne's web
Fall frequent tears from April's merry eyes,

Tremblingly crowd along the fairy lines,
And now like pearls, and now like diamonds
seem.
Young Viola here, in modest garniture,
Loving the spongy margins of the brooks,
Which laugh and sing and dance in crystal light,
In airy gladness joins her floral sisters,
Beneath the young leaves of admiring trees,
And spreads her purple mantle fresh from
heaven.
Athwart earth's bosom.—Over all a cloud
Of golden bloom, the spreading spice-wood flings
(A mystic influence of indulgent Spring)
Beneath a canopy of maple fringes,
Dyed in auroral tints. The blue-bird brings
Heaven's azure down to ornament the scene,
And consecrates it with his melody,
Poured from the fountain of his vernal love.
The robin yet is mute, but from afar
The cardinal's notes come through the naked
woods,
A sweet expression of the April hours,
While dews yet tremble on the waving grass.

Oh Spring! how lovely is thy garlanded
And fresh young brow! how sweet thy varying
voice!

What a glad music rings in every note
Of wingéd love! how brilliant is thy green
New robe! and far along the rippling waters
How breaks the blue into a myriad stars—
The glittering river then is sprinkled o'er
With diamonds of the sun. Swift Progne bathes
In that blue radiance of reflected heaven
Her ardent breast a moment ere she speeds
In twittering joy on her aerial course.
Here is an Eden for the young and gay;
For hearts unshadowed by the raven wing;
For the fresh roseate cheek Hygeia loves;
For the defiant laugh, the careless carol,
And the free tread of angel feet o'er flowers,
As pure and sweet as only childhood knows—
O'er moss-embowered trailing Epigæas,
Clear as Diana's alabaster brow
Veiled with a delicate pink—sweet Epigæa!
Thy purity is stampt upon my heart
In "angel whiteness," and thy oderate breath
Redeems the grossness of the earth and links
Our senses to the spirit world beyond!
Thou seem'st a waif from some Pierian bower
Strayed to this rugged shore of terrene prose,
To beautify the spirit, and to bring
A light of other spheres o'er this dull planet;
A messenger of Beauty to adorn

And fortify the Ideal. On thy bosom
Young Love reposes in Idalian hours, [breath
When the warm Zephyr flings thy fragrant
Upon the pinions of delighted Spring,
Who flies too swiftly with her precious freight.
Emblem of shy, retiring Modesty,
Veiling thy beauty under russet leaves
In mossy dells. The crowding violets spring
Above thee all unconscious of thy presence,
And claim that incense which is due to thee;
But unambitious Virtue ever links
Its charms to the poetic instinct; ever holds
Refining influence o'er the heart, and cannot
Be ever shadowed by the prouder claims
Of more ambitious elegance. Fair Epigæa!
Of all departures of the lapsing Spring,
I sorrow most o'er thine; and in thy birth
I most rejoice when lenient Spring returns.

FRANCIS MOORE, M. D.,

LATE STATE GEOLOGIST OF TEXAS.

SELDOM in this misjudging world we find
A soul attuned to all that's fair and good;
Sincere and of an earnest purpose; prompt
To learn of Nature, not factitious Art,
And win her favor by assiduous toil.

Such was my friend, and I indeed was proud
To own him such; a truly noble soul!
Clad in the robe of modesty that flings
Over the eyes of worldly men a veil,
That they see darkly what to nobler minds
Shines but the brighter through the radiant cloud
That crowns the noble brow. Alas! Alas!
Too soon removed from earnest, patient work;
Too soon removed from loving hearts—too soon
From his loved rocks, and the fresh garniture
Of gentle Spring. How often now I rove
With his high spirit in the land he loved,
The flowery Texas, and with joyous toil
Dig up the records of reluctant earth,
And with exultant joy decipher clear
A fragment of her annals!—glorious task!
A heaven born privilege! But when such a friend
Departs to his well merited reward,
The earth seems lonely as a desert path [gone
Where erst the primrose dwelt. The heart is
Whose magic prompted high resolves, whose
smile
We miss to-day; whose gentle voice we miss,
Eloquent with the poetry of truth.
High priest of Nature in her pathless woods,
I understood thee not till thou wert gone!
When, radiant Fancy with her plume of light

Traced thy secluded self, that would not walk
The vulgar path; nor with a liberal voice
Arrest the notice of the worldly crowd
That throng the streets. The tablets of my heart
Aye brightened by thy features, shall to me
Be ever talisman of magic power
To guard the soul from evil. They shall be
As a far beacon of celestial fire
Tracing the narrow path that ever leads
To Nature's inmost sanctuary. My friend!
The April flowers spring fresh as ever 'round
Thy sylvan dwelling in the rocky dell
Of Cinnaminson; yet, the clustering trees
O'erlook the roof;—to others it may seem
A tiny Eden, as it did to me [seems!
When thou wert there. How desolate now it
I miss the cheerful welcome; and I miss
The tiny feet upon the April grass
Around the door. And sadly do I miss
The wife's kind greeting in the radiant dawn
Of regal May. O fair, departed scene!
As sweet as transient; on my inmost heart
Art thou forever limned by Memory's art
In colors of the prism, or the cloud
That draws a veil over the setting sun,
A coronal of the heart until it sets
Behind the awful darkness of the clouds
Which bound the horizon of this troubled life.

'Twas in so rural and retired a spot
I met my friend; he who in other days
Had walked with statesmen on the thorny path
Of public needs, and who was ably skilled
To guide their councils—now from anxious cares
Of state retired, his evening wish was ever
To lie in nature's lap, and like a child
To listen to the story of her youth,
More eloquent of strange and hidden truth
Than the unriddled ruins of old Time,
And nobler than the Libyan Sphinx conceals.
'Twas here our spirits met, in sympathy
With our great mother, who has counselled ever
To seek her bosom as a refuge sure
From the huge strife of this intemperate world,
And gather wisdom from her lore, and peace
And cheerfulness from her exultant smile.
Upon her rocky footstool did we sit,
In the inspiring atmosphere of May,
Beneath the spicy cedars, on the slope
So liberally carpeted with resplendent flowers,
And held converse of Nature's mysteries.
The robin hopped and with a sudden stand
Looked up a moment, and with curious eye
Would fain divine our thoughts; the blue bird
A flash ethereal on the ambient air, [flung
As if an angel left her native heaven
To dazzle mortal eyes; the white-faced bee

Darted from out the honey-suckle's bosom
And motionless paused on misty wings with wonder,
Seeing intruders on his honeyed province.
Do I not see the garden wall of stone
Rude, low, yet with the prickly cactus crowned,
So picturesque and rural; do I not
Behold the lichened, tall, umbrageous bluff
Benind the dwelling, whence the appropriate name
Of "Rockshade Cottage;" and the singing brook
Sweet-voiced as children when they dance in gladness
Upon the emerald mantle of the Spring?
Oh! why should I this magic scene recall!
I might have passed it in my idle hours,
Admired it and forgot, but for the sympathy
Which will alone immortalize fair haunts
Of kindred hearts; making each rock and flower,
And every painted bird and pendent tree
A record of affection. Surely this—
This is the power to sanctify a spot,
And crowd the memory with its fair details:
A living joy when there our friends we meet
Makes music of the simplest rural sounds;
But this full measure of abundant joys
Leaves but a vacant heart when friends are gone.

EDWIN M. STANTON,

SILENCE is in the winter forest, none
Suspects a tempest now; the bracing air
Strings every nerve to pleasure, and the sun
Looks warmly o'er the national expanse,
A continental empire, which excels
The far extended limits of that land
O'er which old Rome's triumphant eagle flew.
But in the forest silence even now,
In California's valley, lovelier far
Than Petrarch's Vaucluse or Apollo's Tempé,
A tree, the tallest, stateliest of its kin,
The tenant of forgotten centuries,
Is weakened at the roots, and presently
The ear will startle at the monarch's fall!
So fell the immortal Stanton, and the shock
As of an earthquake heaved the social state,
From sea to sea, and from the farthest bound
Of Labrador to Montezuma's halls.
Great in the councils of a struggling nation,
And like the fierce, inexorable Mars
Sending o'er fields the thunderbolts of war,
He seemed immovable as granite rocks
Dashing to foam the vast Atlantic's wrath.
While meaner spirits stooped to idolize
The golden pomp of Wealth's immoral court,
And prized the purse more dearly than the sword,

Stanton, in haughty scorn of meaner ends
Gazed with an eagle eye on glorious deeds
Pictured on Immortality—through clouds
That hung in evil portent o'er the land,
Streamed his clear spirit like the winter sun
Thawing the icy blood, which chilled by fear,
Stood in the veins of wan Despondency.—
Herald of Peace amid the storms of war!
No blast that drives along the desolate path
And scatters ruin o'er its track, could ever
Dim his prophetic eye, which from afar
Saw the fair virgin, Peace, in white array,
With undimmed honor, but a tearful eye,
Descend upon the blackened field of Mars,
And bless the soil that shall no longer nourish
The hydra-brood of Treason. Fare thee well!
Thou steward of a Nation's honor! none
Amid the slanders of a hostile crowd
Could shadow thy clear record. None abase
Thy honesty of purpose. Generous souls
Extenuate mistakes which tread forever
Upon the heels of greatness, without which
Man were too fair for an imperfect world;
More like a god than man is doomed to be.
As Samson tore the lion's jaws asunder,
So Stanton rent the huge Leviathan,
Who in his spiky jaws had rudely gripped

The throat of Freedom—in the desperate fight
Which whirled a wild tornado 'round the land
Millions beheld their shackles fall like icicles
Against the April sun, when the huge beast
Resigned its life with its colossal power;
For Treason died that the inheritor
Of reason in its humblest human form,
Might seize the guerdon of humanity,
The right to own God's acre, and to claim
Freedom of limb, of action and of soul.
Stanton, thy task is done; the record now
Is stampt upon the tablets of our hearts,
To mould the future, which shall rescue Right
From prison walls of base expediency.
One day of such herculean work as thine,
Will leave its impress on remotest time.

Dec., 1869.

SUPERSTITION.

Grim King of Terror, what a reign is thine!
Monarchs of earth to thy victorious car
Are chained. The delicate carmine glow of
Pale Fear has offered as a sacrifice [beauty
To thee, his master! Many a knee is bowed
And eye upraised to heaven, which in the guise

Of meek hypocrisy adore thy power,
And all the flush of wealth and pageantry
Is gilded by the sun of spiritual pride
To honor him who scorned their influence most.
Idols are fashioned, temples are upraised
In gorgeous stateliness to sanctify
Thy meretricious pomp, and stand forever
Colossal monuments of priestly rule.
Thou art the power that hastened to destroy
Young Science by the serpentine embrace
Which pressed around the limbs of Laocoon;
But the strong infant, not of mortal birth,
Was destined representative of God,
And turned aside the Boa-coils with toil
And long delay. But now her limbs robust
With strength gigantic tear the folds asunder,
Conquering thy ministers of evil, lo!
With eagle eye undimmed she scorns thy power,
And dares thee to the combat. 'Tis in vain
Thy trumpet of alarm has sent a summons
Throughout thy tottering empire; help is none
To prop the falling towers of Rome; the cement
Of thy debasing power is ignorance,
Which crumbles into dust beneath the touch
Of Science, who shall take thy christened stones
And build with them her own immortal halls.
Then the poor peasant in his scanty home,

May own his earnings, for no surpliced robber
Shall prowl around his dwelling to secure
The sources of that mighty flood that bore
The debris of vast wealth upon the shores
Of papal empire, and with which was built
Her regal pomp and anti-christian pride.
So-called vicegerent of the Prince of Peace,
Living upon the shield of violent Mars,
Upheld by bayonets: who prate humility,
Yet clothe with priceless robes your "pride of
place"
And sanctify a falsehood: you presume
To guide the conscience by the light of hell,
And claim the sole prerogative of God,
A self-willed Rhadamanthus of the earth.

Bold Galileo from the starry height
Of Science saw the rolling orbs in space,
And shocked the old enthroned hypocrisy
With demonstration of a novel truth,
In conflict with a dogma of the church;
Then came the papal bull against that truth,
The mathematical design of God,
Who made earth ~~rounded~~ rolling when it should be fixed.
That bull intended to inurn a truth, [~~plane~~.
And sanctify time-honored fallacies,
The priestly falsehoods of a senile church

Was for long years a scare-crow of the soul;
But like all outworn fetters prompt to fall
From the strong spirit whose rude energy
Flings o'er the papal crown defiant pride.
But when the light through ancient chinks of
error
Streamed in full force and lit the dungeon walls,
Revealing the machinery of crime
And the dark annals of a cruel power,—
Then a wild, impotent, unhallowed fear
Shook the foundations of the papal towers—
The proud tiara trembled. Superstition
Floating upon the favor of the world,
With an earth-circling halo 'round its power,
Would bind the intellect on Ixion's wheel,
Condemning it to an eternal round,
Hopeless of all advance. But with deceit
She met advancing Science, gave her hand
To the proud virgin and professed with joy
Her aptitude of truth and pride of will,
To meet her on her radiant domain.
She gave the kiss of Judas;—with fair words,
Clasping her to the ancient papal bosom,
She fain would hide her in a saint's array.
And then to celebrate the maid's conversion;
Commemorate the alliance of young Truth
With ancient falsehood of the brazen front,

The papal schemer calls his satellite
To decorate his walls with cunning art.
At Florence a bold fresco now informs
The indignant mind of futile tyranny:
Of Science lying in the lap of faith.
Behold proud Galileo at his work,
Girdling the roots of Superstition with
An adamantine instrument of God, [Truth,
Sharp-edged and fashioned by the hand of
And strong as is the thunderbolt of Jove,
While a monastic slave must supervise
And guide young Science to the tottering throne
Blinded by faith and impotent with chains.
Knowledge and learning grew upon the soil
Of ancient monkeries walled to heaven; but one
Was dwarfed and feeble, and while Learning
In size portentous, yet the outside world [grew
Was all a barren waste of Ignorance.
Learning in Superstition's soil was rooted,
An antiquated Upas of the mind,
Poisoning the sources of majestic Truth;
But as those sources gather to a flood,
The poison weakens and advancing years
See the o'erbearing barriers, monks and priests,
In one commingled ruin borne afar.
But knowledge grew *beneath* the soil, and hidden,
Sent roots below monastic walls, and though

It scarcely rose in the repressing air
Within the walls, its strong foundations spread
To the great flood which in its free career
Nourished those roots into immortal trees,
Whose branches now with Freedom's breath are
stirring,
Vocal with all the minstrelsy of heaven;
And though the papal trees' colossal boughs
Spread huge and wide and shadowy o'er the land,
No fruit adorns them and no music floats
Around them like the voices of the pines,
Aerial interpreters of Truth
To the unfettered intellect of man.

THE PEARL.

"On the wide shore, we miss
The pearl reposing in its silent shell."

GOETHE.

YON river has a smiling happy flow
Seen in the atmosphere of early June,
Singing among the pebbles on its shores.
Why should it not? Does not the zephyr's wing
Fan its warm bosom and young Flora send
Her loveliest children to adorn its banks,
And paint sweet pictures for its crystal halls

Far down beneath the ripples? Gentle girls
Oft tread its verge and never weary grow
Of admiration, for the healthy pulse [here
Of youth keeps time with Nature's; Art, not
Has vulgarized the scene, nor stirred the moss
Around the roots of the smooth-bodied beech
Which loving bends over the lucid bosom
Of the glad stream that nursed its infant growth,
Glassing the emerald of its trembling leaves;
While now a clear and now a marbled heaven
Alternate seem to bound its varying depth.
There on a pebbly bed as beautiful
As Neptune's girdle formed of pearly shells,
That tropic sunlight paints in fairy isles,
The Naiads have from immemorial time
Built iridiscent halls and only one
In her fair pearly bosom has concealed
The radiant gem no mortal eye has seen,
Tho' many an eye has seen those Naiades,
Yet fathomed not the treasure one concealed.
Often and often has the search been made,
And many a Naiad been compelled to show
The record of her life, but all in vain.
It chanced a lonely man one summer morn,
What time the wood-thrush charmed the list'ning
Reclined upon the bank of this fair river [June,
And listless viewed th'unconscious Naiads sleep-
On the bright mirror of the purest blue [ing

That heaven vouchsafes the early morns of June.
The hopeless man, weary of vain pursuits,
Had sought through many a year the priceless pearl, [ised,
Some hapless dream in early youth had prom-
And long had sighed to find it but a dream.
Careless and objectless he dipt his arm
In the fair depth and drew a Naiad forth
Who oped her pearly lips at his command,
And showed the gem, that idol of his heart,
First imaged in the far off days of youth.
"'Twas not for this," he cried, "I drew thee forth,
"Thou silent habitant of this glad river;
"But from mere whim or restless idleness,
"Or languid listlessness of discontent.
"Too late! too late! The cold and counselling
"That woo me to the universal dust, [years
"Forever dim the iris of thy charms!
"Thou hast no spell of potency—I go
"From the ideal with its fond deceits
"To the Fuegian land of sombre truth;
"The buds that spring along my downward path,
"Expand to scentless, sad, autumnal flowers,
"Pale Asters and the heralds of the snow.
"'Tis not for me sweet Epigæa trails
"Its strings of pearls o'er beds of fern and moss,
"Or Sanguinaria, in her virgin dress

"Plaits the sweet coronal of transient Spring,
"Fanned by the rapid wings of pauseless hours,
"Which scatter incense from the vernal grass.
"Go, thou delusive courtier, seek again
"To shroud thy beauty in this river's bosom,
"Or flatter younger hearts—'tis not for me,
"Thou hast wooed Iris from her native heaven."

ANCESTRAL ERRORS.

THERE is a sorrow deeper far than springs
From loss of wealth or station; cruel fate
To own a heritage of mortal sin
That poisons life's pure fountain; from no fault
Of the inheritor is this disease,
This poison in the veins; but early years
Are robbed of their sweet influence, for no guide,
No Ariadne watches o'er the young,
Who stray in a sad labyrinth of error,
Or mire in ignorance. Then the fiery curse
Sweeps through the bosom and too late the knowledge
Of the dark wrong that throbs in every pulse,
Awakens in the mind and in the heart.
Love draws towards love, but conscience interposes,
The pale sad faces of the future rise,

Like troubled ghosts along the desolate path,
And dash the goblet from his eager grasp,
On which is carved an asp among spring flowers.
There are the meeting paths—he gazes down
The double vista; in the one he sees
The light of love from galaxies of joys
And the far distant clouds which slowly rise
Slowly but surely, and the scented flowers
That strew the way, conceal the poison—still
Too well he knows the odorous petals shed
A poisonous sorrow. On the darker way
He dares not dwell; no flower, no fruit is there:
'Tis desolate as the equatorial sands
Of Afric's sunburnt region. What is left?
Ambition? Arts or Arms? Alas, they cannot
Ever persuade the heart that Peace or joy
Will tread the desert path of Selfishness
Or that which leads afar from bounteous Love.
No bird is musical along its borders,
But the grim raven folds his gloomy wings,
And to the riven soul cries "nevermore."
The last rose-tint has faded and the night
Of Desolation closes round the soul, [glimmer,
Still through the midnight gloom two planets
And mildly light the pathway to the tomb;
Twin planets of our human destiny,
Whose mingled rays still keep a living warmth

And nurse the pulse of life. Fair Science one,
The other prompt to action for the good
Of others, an unselfish, calm devotion
To the best interests of the public weal.
Far better this than the secluded life
Of old monastic cells, a living tomb
Which no pure ray illumes; but empty sounds
At matin or at vesper rise to heaven
In mockery of an erring human heart;
Asking of heaven the boon of sympathy,
Amidst the maze of superstition's rites,
Which harden to a habit, and as such
Convert to a machine the soul and limbs
And bind them to the chariot of Despair.

AMBITION.

THERE is in many souls a stirring need [broad
To climb above the crowd. Some by the
But tortuous path that leads to Mammon's portal;
And here the many crowd, with little care
To walk if they can ride o'er others—Some
More modest try the delicate path of Nature,
Contending still in the Pierian way

Amid the many tinted flowers of Fancy.
But there is one condition of the soul
Dreams of, and sometimes grasps imperial power,
By accident in part and part by will.
Such is the imperial despot of Fair France
Who drives his chariot o'er the prostrate necks
Of a rebellious people; but the steeds
Now rampant from the universal shout
Of an uprising crowd, severely try
The hands which hold the reins and presently
The steeds beyond imperial control
Will wreck him on the democratic hills
Of fickle France. There is no golden mean
Can make a fortress of security
For an usurper; one concession ever
Is parent to another, till the crowd
Shall push him from the throne. Or proving still
Tenacity of hold, the opposing force
Grows daily, and the insolent will must break
And power lie prostrate; or with what remains
Of the ancestral heritage of love,
Grasp at the shadow of imperial power,
Making his couch to fit the circumstances,
Which like an avalanche have walled him in
With the relentless energy of fate;
Or like a gambler in his desperate strait,
Try his last game upon the field of Mars,

And fight against the spirit of the age,
As hopeless as the centenary tree,
Hollow of heart and withered at the root,
In the inexorable whirlwind's grasp.
1869.

II.

The might of France is humbled in the dust—
It dashed upon the Teuton's iron walls
As idly as the saucy Neptune lifts
His trident o'er the granite ribs of earth.
A name has curst the people, yes, a name
That rose o'er Victory's red and dazzling crest,
Which scattered madness and revenge thro' all
The fruitful fields of Europe. It is just
The star that led to victory should go down
In clouds that weep a nation's bitter tears,
Because it led not to the ivory portal
Of prosperous peace, but like an exhalation
Shines o'er the naked moor and leads astray
The eager traveler. So the pride of arms
In an unrighteous cause is but a false
And treacherous guide to an imperial throne
Built on the sorrows of a Nation's heart
By the deceptive power of bayonets;
Unstable as the red volcano's crest,
And doomed to drench the land in lava floods

Of grief and ruin. For this fatal name
Cities must blaze, and desolated fields
Throng with a pauper crowd. Alas! for France,
Her sons consist of rude and various tribes,
Uneducated, prone to combat all
The charms of culture; eager for the fray;
Sadly unfit for stable government;
Now childlike governed by imperial power,
Or rushing to the shores of anarchy.
Such is the human flood that spreads around
Fair Paris, and upon its stormy bosom
Are met the white sails of the argo Hope
Flying to future golden shores of Peace.
The Teuton now is king. Fair Germany
Rises a cultured and united power
Where "bayonets think" and homogeneous
minds
Push on the car of progress o'er the forms
Of antiquated errors and erase
Their tracks upon the changeful sands of Time.

Sept. 4th, 1870,

THE VULTURE.

NIGHT plumaged bird! ill-omened and impure!
No bard has sung thy loftiness of flight
And graceful motion, which to me seem ever
A silent hymn along the path to heaven!
And, but reflection whispers in our minds,
There's nought uncared for by the power which
forms
The condor or the sea-shell, reasoning man
Or the invisible insect, I might now
Pass thee neglectful as a thing unblest
Of poesy, who loves to minister,
As misers to the rich, her precious store
Of jewels to the purely beautiful.
Bird of wide spreading, never tiring wing,
Whose daring aims at heaven, and whose ken
Takes in a range of sublunary things
No other eye can compass; not for thee
Is envy of the denizens of earth;
Not even man, who with his boasted arts
Can only pass thy middle flight with aid
Of the aspiring element, imprisoned
In the frail bounds of silken buoyancy.
And then, aærial voyager, *his* course
Is not will-guided, but before the breeze,
The lightest breath of Æolus, he goes

On perilous ways, in danger from the storm
Of sudden growth or from the forest oaks,
O'er whose rude crests the rushing wind impels
His airy bark with fearful violence;
No danger on the breaker-whitened rocks
Is then more imminent than his; but thou,
Dark denizen of ether, wing'st thy way
At will, or with, or full against the wind,
With a majestic calmness, and thy wings
Upturned and quivering on their feathery verge
While thou dost circle with an ease more graceful
Than the swift skater on the smoothest ice
In winter pastime. Upward still thy flight,
Upward and onward o'er the cloudy peaks
Of Cordilléra's snowy altitude,
Where phantom breakers roll their misty crests
O'er the huge granite monuments of Time,
Beneath thy spreading wings. What are thy
musings
In that calm region ever bathed in light,
Or of the sun, or of the myriad stars,
In unimaginable brilliancy—
That empire which the eagle dare not visit,
As calm as death and voiceless as the grave?
And O! when rosy evening paints the sky
Beneath thee with her rainbow-mocking hues,
What a rare picture fills thy silent halls
With grace ineffable, which man can witness

Only in briefest mirages of dreams !
Oft on a summer morn the eye discerns
A speck on heaven's blue arch, as though it were
The substance of a yet unlighted star ;
But soon the tiny spot mysterious grows
To larger bulk and other outline ; lo !
Slight motion is perceptible, and now
Dark wings unfold upon the verge of heaven,
Or float beneath the fragmentary clouds
In slow gyrations, lesser than the birds' [sound
Whose tremulous pinions with a murmuring
Fan the warm bosoms of Brazilian flowers.
And now they widen, as a distant sail,
Which seems to rise, like Venus, from the sea,
Where heaven reclines upon the emerald wave;
Broader and broader as they near the earth,
They grow and seem like those of Lucifer,
When the immortal exile fell from heaven.

Dark bird ! thy haunts are not Idalian bowers,
Echoing the vernal quiristers, who turn
The odorous air to melody divine ;
No, 'tis thy joy to dwell alone near heaven,
Or revel in the foulest scenes of earth,
Reminding one of Bacon, on the wings
Of seraphim borne towards the throne of Truth,
While his affections, wingless and corrupt,
Were tethered to the earth. O, we should judge

Less gifted minds in lenient charity,
When god-like intellect is prone to fall.
Mysterious traveler of the blue expanse!
What tho' thy diet *is* corrupting flesh?
(And 'tis the worst the Muse can sing of thee)
In this thou nearest dainty epicures
More closely than their pride can understand.
For thee no being dies in pride of life,
Nor suffers agony in fearful chase;
Thy days are innocent as infancy,
And happier than a king's. O would thou wert
Minerva's messenger and hadst the power
To bring from heaven the ghost of Œdipus
To solve a Sphinx. For little dost thou deem
In thy blue halls above the rolling clouds,
How clouded here is dull humanity;
And that thou hast divided men in sects
Like superstition. One would give the power
To scent thy food, and one the gift denies;
The impartial muse cannot be made a slave
To theory, and therefore she invests
Each organ with appropriate offices:
And of thy power to scent, she having heard,
(As Owen traced in its obscure recess),
Fancies that now the odor of thy food
Rises with morning dews to thy abode
In highest ether. Nor would she, unjust,

Deny thee purer pleasures, nor withhold
Aroma music of the breathing flowers,
So lavish of their favors to the winds,
On which thy pinions float as buoyantly
As frail canoes over some silvery lake [densed,
Whose clear waves seem an atmosphere con-
And lucid as the soul of purity.

BYRON.

BYRON farewell, thy magic hold is broken,
And from thy shrine in sorrow we retire;
Sure never was a loftier language spoken
In sweeter accents or with words of fire.
So much of evil, and so much of true
And generous feeling of the eternal Right
Is woven in thy tissue's varied hue,
That now we gaze in sadness, now delight.
Well had thy lyre its modulation clear
Flung to the mountain breeze as wild as thou;
No adverse storm to check its bold career,
Nor blast the laurel on thy lofty brow, [heart
Had judgment reigned within thy passionate
And prisoned thoughts that were not pure
For Vice should live from Poesy apart, [and true;
Distinct as clouds from the ethereal blue:
The dust of earth should never cast its dim
And misty stain on wings of seraphim.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

THE dark luxuriant grass which springs
From yon low mound and waves in air,
Back to my heart the memory brings
Of many a bitter tear shed there.

The form I called in fondness mine,
The first sweet pledge of early love;
There molders a deserted shrine,
Whose sainted spirit dwells above.

And sweeter now my babe may sleep
Than pillowed on its mother's breast;
But ah! I still must think and weep
O'er hours thy transient smiles have blest.

Then health and peace their gifts combined,
And every hour was winged with joy;
To watch the glorious dawn of mind
Was still a mother's dear employ.

Could I then think that cheek of bloom
Would thus its brilliant hues resign?
Ah! no, I never deemed the tomb
Could veil such budding charms as thine!

And years have sped but still I feel
The lingering pangs of vain regret—
The heart must sure be formed of steel
That can an infant's smiles forget.

Now other buds adorn the stem,
As fair as living buds may be;
And I have lived and joyed in them
But never as I joyed in thee.

For feeling then was fresh and new,
My heart with galling cares unworn;
Ah! would my lord were kind and true
Sweet cherub, as when thou wert born.

Now happier far than doomed to see
My heart to wrong and insult bow;
To know thy smiles of thoughtless glee
Chased by a father's angry brow.

The turf that lasting rest may give
No softer couch can e'er impart;
Still for my offspring's sake I live,
And press them to a breaking heart;

Lull them to rest with fruitless sighs;
The tear no sense of wo beguiles;
Yet they must gaze on weeping eyes,
Whilst thou wert happier nursed in smiles.

Adieu! thou hallowed spot of earth;
My sweetly sleeping babe, adieu!
Yet e'er the summer flowers have birth,
Perchance I'll sleep as sweetly too!

One more embrace shall then be mine,
As icy as my last was warm;
When that green canopy of thine
Shall kindly veil thy mother's form.

MARS.

In those gay trappings which the vulgar prize,
Who is it glories in his robes and stars,
Unpitying vengeance gleaming in his eyes—
Who but the stern, the proud, the brutal Mars?
Who swears his red right hand shall never cease
To raze the shrines and monuments of Peace.

Lo! where he treads, in insolent disdain
Of all the innocent hopes and joys of life;
What eager throngs have swelled his fearful train,
Young hearts with every evil passion rife.
Hark! the loud drum, the signal to adore
That earth defacing fiend, the god of war.

Shall Charity and Virtue cease to be—
  Strangled in rude embrace of savage Mars?
Shall Love and Gentleness and Purity
  Fly with alarmed Astræa to the stars?
And Peace be exiled to some barbarous shore,
Where echo never mocked the cannon's roar?

Fools! will ye ever consecrate with Love
  Brute force and build your temples in his name?
And by the light of blazing town and grove
  In combat rush to death, and call it fame?
And stain the sheening of each fountain's bed
With life's outpouring stream so warm and red?

Shall burning cities ever please the eye;
  Widows and orphans plead to you in vain?
Ah! will ye ever Mercy's prayer deny
  And turn sweet Eden to a hell of pain;
Place with bent knee and soul degrading vow
Your blood-stained trophies on a demon's brow?

Ah! no, we trust a happier era yet
  Will burst like morning's sun o'er seas of cloud;
And gild no more the glittering bayonet,
  Nor the bright scarlet of the serried crowd;
Nor see Ambition, Pride or Vengeance march
Beneath the murderer's consecrated arch.

Is not the voice of peasant blithely singing,
Whose busy plow embrowns the grassy lea;
Or laughter of sweet childhood wildly ringing
'Neath the green arches of yon aged tree,
More pleasing to the spirit we adore
Than sound of the harsh drum or cannon's roar?

Are not the golden fields of waving corn,
The cattle grazing on the sloping green;
The flowers whose bosoms court the dews of morn,
Or the gay birds which animate the scene,
More pleasing than the ruin war hath made;
Than the misshapen fort or rude stockade?

Yes! when our passions slumber, Time shall bring
Reflection to the aid of Reason's cause;
And Mercy round her brow a halo fling,
Potent to win the popular applause
Away from Murder in his finery,
That Peace no rival to her throne may see.

Angelic Peace! the lovely but neglected:
Nations should join in glorious brotherhood,
Unite to see thy holy claims respected,
And build thy throne where Mars triumphant stood:
Courage, thy banner yet may be unfurled,
And blood-stained emblems banished from the world.

July 27th, 1846.

II.

This dream of other days returns no more:
  The pitying angel Peace will ever be
Rare visitor to this most strifeful shore,
  This little island of infinity;
A trifling pretext the fair balance jars; [Mars.
Peace flies, and leaves the adjusting hand to

'Tis then a harvest of Revenge is sown
  To meet the sickle of maturing years;
When a Republic shall supplant the throne,
  And fall amid a struggling nation's tears.
With jarring races of intemperate men
The sword *will* be more potent than the pen.

Thus the sad cycle of humanity
  Forever runs its desolated round;
A passionate people struggling to be free;
  A tyrant fighting for an empty sound;
And the last sunset of our world will be
Blushing o'er Glory's fight with Liberty.

The sword of Prussia sweeps o'er vaunting France,
  And arrogant pens inexorably mows,
Pens that would urge War's serried steeds to
  Over opinions and a race as foes. [prance
The pen must yield in energy to the fight,
'Till Glory shall transfer her crown to right.

Who knows but then the reconstructed face
Of earth a nobler race of men shall bear;
Whom no base passions ever shall disgrace,
Who'll breathe a freer and a purer air.
Then will among them dwell angelic Peace,
And cries that start her timid footsteps, cease.

At least this vision of the future years
Seems far more likely to be modeled then,
Than God make Eden of this vale of tears,
Or tame the martial heritage of men.
Ten thousand years and twice ten thousand more
Have passed, and Nations still prepare for war.

Whence comes this contrariety of race,
This inborn discord in the minds of men?
Their birth and progress shall we never trace
In the deep caverns of that awful den
Where Time sits laughing at all human lore,
And piling rocks on what has gone before?

Only by Reason raised above the herds,
With all the animal passions of the wild;
Without the wings and airy flight of birds;
Untamed by culture; seldom just or mild:
With all his faults in Time he first appears
And loses few in the advancing years.

Sept. 4th, 1870.

STANZAS.

WHAT is the pomp of wealth but idle splendor;
What is ambition but a meteor's gleam,
If the heart's doom is never to surrender
To the sweet influence of Love's glorious
dream?

'Tis this alone can give the undying flower
To the dark, thorny path of human life;
'Tis this alone can gild the gloomy hour,
Or win the passions from their fearful strife.

When fate has torn two kindred hearts asunder,
Around the ruin mocking smiles may play;
Thus cataracts rend the rocks o'er which they
thunder,
Whilst radiant Iris dances in their spray.

Alas! for him who feels no warm heart beating;
Who hears no music from affection's lips;
Whose gaze no welcoming blush is daily meet-
This life for him is in a dark eclipse. [ing—

In vain for him the love-taught bird is singing,
In vain sweet blossoms cluster in the trees;
No voice of nature in his heart is ringing;
No balm for him in summer's evening breeze.

'Tis not for him the dewy morn is weeping,
Hymning sweet tunes of heavenly harmony;
'Tis not for him Diana smiles while sleeping,
Or spreads her mantle o'er the tranquil sea.

The sweetest picture fancy ever cherished,
Like April's orient sky is clouded o'er;
For him the loveliest flowers of hope have perished,
And heaven shall echo in his heart no more.

Cold, cold and dead to every purer pleasure,
No young hopes springing in his wintry breast;
'Tis not for him to know the priceless treasure,
The gem of earth which far outshines the rest.

In vain he goes through various climes a ranger,
Still the cold shadow on his soul will fall;
He walks the crowded earth a lonely stranger
And dies beneath fair Eden's fatal wall.

THE SONG OF THE EAGLES.

AWAY, away to our craggy nest
Up on yon mountain's brow,
Where the golden light of the sunset west
Comes bright and glorious now.

And though on the plain and twilight dell
Darkness and mist may fall;
In a stormless region of light we dwell
Where the snow-wreathed coronal

Reflecting the beams of unnumbered stars
Shall light up our rocky home,
Gemmed with a thousand icy spars,—
No taper-lighted dome.

And when the death-winged storm beneath
Far down is its revels keeping;
We shall not heed its boisterous breath,
Calm and securely sleeping.

No dread can mar our mountain mirth,
These rocks ne'er echoed groans;
And we envy not the kings of earth,
Trembling on all their thrones.

On the crags which guard our eyrie high
No daring foe intrudes;
And naught but an ever smiling sky
Looks down on our solitudes.

And when the warm impatient day
Bursts from the orient heaven,
What a range of creation's glad display
To our piercing ken is given.

And when our pinions are waving wide,
And our bosoms cleave the air;
Who can tell what a glow of pride,
What a throb of joy is there!

Oft when the mariner's struggling breath
Contends with old ocean's foam;
The storm which hurries him on to death
But wafts us swiftly home.

Fearless of wave or whirlwind there,
Or earthquake's mightier shocks;
Kings of the high and the stormless air,
Our thrones the eternal rocks.

SPRING BIRDS.

WELCOME bright Ariels of the vernal hours,
Swallow and Martin, Flora's constant friends,
And sporting 'round her while she decorates
A fresh, wide robe of vivid green and gemmed
With early daffodils. Ye airy travelers
Returned from summer climates to the haunts
Which love has consecrated, welcome home!
Dearer to you is meadow, field or stream
Around the cradle of your infancy

Than a warm wilderness of Orchid blooms,
Though the rude winds of April often hurl
The snow-flake from the dark and wintry clouds.
The silver notes of the impatient sparrow
Have rung each sunny hour since winter fled;
The pee-wee circles round his natal spot,
Or resting from his airy insect chase,
With crested head and all-observing eye,
Returned, sits watching on the leafless branch,
And carols his few notes so full of all
The memories of Spring. Now one by one
The people of the sunny air arrive;
The wren has come, new-plumaged and alert,
To celebrate the birth of gentle May.
The cardinal makes musical the wood;
The brown thrush animates the thickets; flocks
Of red-winged starlings on the budding trees
Trill many voicéd harmonies that speak
A language never foreign to our hearts.
Welcome familiar cat-bird, I forgive
Thy plain attire while listening to thy song;
And when in happy wakefulness a-bed
In the repose and quiet of the dawn,
When stir of human labor is not yet
To color with dull prose the early hours,
A transient interval as sweet as brief
Is given to vague musings and the soul

Floats on a tide of matin melody.
The snow-birds, ere they wing the northern air,
Sing frequent, and the reed-birds, meadow haunting,
With accents musical as Memnon's lyre,
Now join the universal symphony,
The vernal hymn to nature and to Love.

THE PEE-WEE.

Sweet promise of the sunny days,
Thy restless form is dear to me;
Though homely are thy plaintive lays,
Thy simple carol, brown pee-wee.

I see thee build thy rustic fort
Beneath the bridge's mouldering arch;
And joy to hear thy love's report
Above the boisterous breath of March.

Thou comest from distant wood or bower
To scenes which smiled upon thy birth,
While trees are bare and scarce a flower
Is scattered o'er the cold, moist earth.

Though the bright Crocus paints the lawn,
And sometimes smiles above the snow;
And hyacinths lovelier than the dawn
In sunny hours begin to blow.

While Spring is in her changeful moods,
And now unlocks the icy rill;
When in the hollows of the woods,
The unsunned snow is lingering still.

Thou living memory of the days
When I was young and gay like thee,
Thou lead'st me thro' the gathering haze
Back to the light of infancy.

To morning hours when oft I trod
The spongy fields in search of thee,
When Draba starred the chilly sod
In a pale, tiny galaxy.

Once, in a kindly winter day,
By Alabama's waters rude,
I saw thee on the mossy spray
That stretched in leafless solitude

Upon the steep bank's crumbling side,
Enriched with many a fossil shell;
And truly, 'twas with joy and pride
I saw thee in my precinct dwell:

For then it lost its alien face,
And Fancy dwelt in home once more;
I seemed in early Spring's embrace
Beside my far ancestral door.

And when shall come the fatal night,
Amid my weakness, grief and pain,
I would behold thy circling flight,
And die while listening to thy strain.

SPARE THAT BIRD.

Ah! spare that bird; do not put out the light
Of brief existence with that murderous gun
Charged with destructive thunder. Were you ill
And pain had chained the hours; some touch
of pity
Might corner in your heart when you beheld
From your reflective couch the innocent sports
Of birds, and listened to their matin voices
Attunèd all to happiness and love.
You would not then the thought of murder harbor,
For when Hygeia has withdrawn her light,
Reflection gazes with undazzled eye
On humble truth, benevolence and mercy.
And why should health a stranger be to pity?

Has it not joys enough to wing the hours;
Joys never born of death or agony,
But the sweet offspring of Affection. Hark!
Do you not hear that carol from the tree,
A wilderness of blossoms, tinted all
Like vapory Alps which flush the summer eve?
'Tis the blithe mate of her that thou wouldst
doom
To death untimely. By the zephyrs borne,
That voice goes forth a messenger of love
To her who lists in silent ecstasy; [beauty;
Whilst thou wouldst murder love and joy and
Dash such free glorious life in instant death,
And hush the music that Aurora teaches
The many tinted denizens of air.
On yonder scented crab-tree is the home
Of her whose life you seek, a rude built nest,
But downy as the eider's breast within,
And gently cradled by the breath of morn,
The young birds gaze delighted on the blossoms
Which hang around their couch, unconscious
That destiny and famine soon shall close [they
The brilliant eye forever. Is this sport?
Ye enemies of Nature! If it be—
'Tis sport unmanly, mean, contemptible!
Go hunt in danger's path; more nobly dare
Invade the rude haunts of the grizzly beast

Which roams the wilderness; or follow Mars
And thunder in his ranks; for danger there
Shall sanctify thy calling; or at least
Redeem it from the taint of cowardice.

THE LOST ONE.

PEACE to thy spirit—pain no longer tries thee;
Death holds thy beauty in a stern eclipse—
All life is discord, now that heaven denies me
Affection's music from an angel's lips.

There is no world but where yon willow's weeping;
Where lingering memory fondly clasps the dead;
Would that the mourner were as sweetly sleeping
On thy cold bosom in the dreamless bed.

With thee were refuge from all grief and danger—
And Time no healing has in store for me;
I seem to be a world-deserted stranger, [thee.
As though all friends and kindred fled with

The young, the beautiful around were falling—
Thou didst not go companionless away;

Methought I heard from heaven an angel calling
"Sweet sister come, and leave thy house of clay!

"Come ere the ruin Time's relentless fingers,
With care and loss of friends shall surely bring;
Come while the dew-drop on the rose-bud lingers;
Come ere the spring-bird Hope has ceased to sing.

"Come ere Affection's golden links be broken;
Ere the Aurora of the heart shall die;
Come where that fatal word was never spoken,
Farewell—farewell was never heard on high.

"Come where the constellated flowers ne'er wither,
The amaranthine region of the blest—
The voice of seraph bids thee welcome hither,
'And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!'"*

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*I could not resist the temptation to introduce this exquisite line of Shakespeare's at the risk of making mine seem "out of tune and harsh."

HOME.

WHERE winter smiling doffs his crown of snow,
And stoops to kiss the Orchid, oft I roam ;
Kind hearts and smiles of welcome there I know,
But yet it is not home.

Dark leaved magnolias in their glossy pride,
And feathery palms have not a charm for me,
Like yon lone beech tree by the fountain side ;
The name-recording tree.

And in that bland hygeian clime afar, [bends :
Such tree o'er stream as pure and radiant
And names have girt its body, but they are
Not those of early friends.

There while the mock-bird pours his varied lays,
(The fairy lore the sylvan Orpheus learns)
My heart hears sweeter songs of other days,
And to its home returns.

Turns to the hill-side where the thrush and wren
Awoke the boy to rapture, ere the sun
Had kissed the dew in that sweet season when
Hope and young life are one.

Time has no power to deaden or to soil
The scenes affection pictures on the heart;
Nor can a life of exile or of toil,
Bid the young dream depart.

The tropic flower in all its gaudy pride,
Courted by zephyrs in Elysian vale,
Is hueless in comparison beside
Buds o'er my garden pale.

Gay Flora's varied children fair to see;
Some paled Aurora; some like ocean's foam
Were delicate and white; while all to me
Were eloquent of home.

True, I may meet sweet blossoms far away,
Whose varied charms shall wing the exile's hours;
But I'll return and like the song-bird say
"Home is in childhood's bowers."

Gorgeous are parrot and gay oriole,
Birds of Apollo's consecrated shore;
Yet the plain thrush on my affections stole,
Of home suggestive more.

Songs of the heart the wanderer will recall,
In joy or sadness when afar we roam,
Echoes of childhood eloquent with all
The memories of home.

For the familiar seraphs of the air
That charmed us in the far impressive years.
Mirrored in memory, live forever there,
A joy amidst our tears.

Birds of the north in tropic bowers will burn,
To meet their mates upon th'accustomed tree;
With like devotion, Home! will I return,
With the spring-birds to thee.

Adieu! Hygeia, if for me thou art
Existent in Elysian climes alone;
There are home joys to solace when we part;
Smiles dearer than thine own.

Sweet smiles that banish memories of thine,
And bid me never more to roam afar;
Which shame thy loved Apollo's blush divine;
Dim thy most brilliant star.

The exile will behold exultingly [foam,
His proud bark rush through ocean's dancing
That bears him to the scenes of infancy,
To the heart's Mecca, Home!

THE WATERMELON.

THE last of the gay summer sisterhood blushing,
Ascends her green throne where the fruit
clusters vie—
And rejoices at eve when Apollo is flushing
With sapphire and rosetint the stream and
the sky.

No more o'er the grain field the zephyrs are
playing
With light and with shadow in hurried career:
And though there is scarcely a green leaf de-
caying,
The field is a desert, rough, yellow and sere.

'Tis the reign of Pomona, whose treasures are
glowing
Ripe, ruddy and juicy on long pendent boughs;
'Tis the time of tall grass which the laborers are
mowing,
While the ~~hay-scented~~ dew freshened zephyrs are fanning
their brows.

But the glory of August—not quite so capricious—
Yet red as a girl's lip and cool as a well,

Is the green-coated melon, so plump and delicious,
With the brown mottled seeds in their roseate cell.

I ask not a peach, like the cheek of a maiden,
Downy and soft as a Georgian's may be;
I care not for boughs with their gold apples laden,
When the heart of a melon is blushing for me.

If this life has a care, 'tis not then that I know it;
If the day oppress others, for me it is bland;
I seem to be Ariel, Puck, or a poet
Who feasts with Queen Mab in her own fairy-land.

I make thee sweet melon my favorite topic—
Thou chief of the offspring of sun and of dew!
In spite of bananas, the pride of the tropic,
Or famed Chirimoyas the boast of Peru.

Give us cool "Mountain Sweets" from New Jersey, nor ask us
To sigh for the grapes of some orient land—
The peaches of Persia; the figs of Damascus;
Or the idolized fruits of remote Samarcand.

I have shaken ripe oranges oft, where they fell on
Floridian flowers; I have dreamed of the date;
But dearer to me is the dew-tempered melon,
Fresh from the sand of my loved native state.

Old State, ever dear to the farmer and florist,
I love thy broad grain fields and worm fences too:
Rosy laurels that light the green caves of thy forest,
Where the pines scatter diamonds from rain drops or dew.

And truly that man so unlucky I pity
Who never has seen the grand spectacle, when
The fruit Saturnalia reigns in our city—
The loved of Pomona, the city of Penn.

The poet may sing of the Orient spices,
Or Barbary's dates in their palmy array—
But the huge rosy melon in cold juicy slices,
Is the Helicon font of a hot summer day,

Where I bathe the dry wings of the spirit, and sprinkling
Sweet drops on the pathway of dusty old Care,
I hold father Time from his villainous wrinkling
Of features that never had graces to spare.

VALEDICTORY TO ABBOTTVILLE.

Abbottville, Hamilton, Mercer county, New Jersey.

FAREWELL to the fountain, the wood and the valley,
The green sunny slope and the locust tree's shade;
To the garden, where bees from their rude fortress sally—
Farewell to the wren's mossy mansion decayed.

Farewell to the pond, overhung by the willow,
Whose tenants in youth 'twas my joy to delude;
Farewell to the long grass, full often my pillow,
Where the balm of repose never vainly was wooed.

Farewell to the river, whose windings capricious
Are traced from the hill-top, along the green mead;
O'er thy bosom the wild rose sheds odors delicious;
To bid thee adieu is a sorrow, indeed!

No music was dearer to me than thy waters,
Which whispered so sweet to the light-dipping oar;

Eve purples thy tide; but, with Beauty's gay
daughters,
The bark I shall urge o'er thy bosom no more.

New-mown meadows, adieu! India's spices ex-
celling,
Where the scarlet lobelia bends bright o'er
the stream;
Adieu, shadowy glen! where the humming birds,
dwelling,
Sip nectar, concealed from July's burning
beam.

Ye ne'er can recall the illusions which bound me,
Like a spell, to the blue wave and wild,
wooded shore;
For the voices of friends who were once gathered
round me,
In the hall of my ancesters echo no more.

No tomb marks the spot where the cold clay
embraces
Hearts once so warm, and so loving and gay—
The light, graceful figures, and sweet, happy
faces,
And the voice of affection, alas! where are
they?

Farewell to the beech tree, whose shade once
delighted,
Whose trunk has recorded the votaries of
mirth;
How many now wander in sorrow benighted!
How many repose in the dew-moistened earth!

Farewell, ye sweet scenes, for the friends which
endearing
Your glories, tho' fading, gave life to the whole;
No more in a summer reunion appearing,
Your loneliness deepens the gloom of my soul.

Ev'ry flower of the field, ev'ry leaf of the wild-
wood,
Seems dim to my eye, tho' unaltered in hue;
Ah! rapture lives but in the magic of childhood,
And the tales of young Hope are as sweet as
untrue.

Yon Vale was called Happy—its graces have
perished,
The thrush builds her nest in its thicket of
briars;
Yet beauty once graced it, the hand of taste
cherished;
'Twas hallowed by friendship and love's
gentle fires.

The bow of the morning irradiates heaven,
The herald of storms shadowing earth with their frown;
How unlike the bright arch which spans ether at even,
And tells that the sun shall in splendor go down!

Thus youth's morn, soon clouded by passion and sorrow,
May darken the bosom, the proud heart may bend;
But the Iris at evening is hope for a morrow
To dawn without clouds on a day without end.

Yon once lovely spot, by the wild briars shaded,
Now speaks of the change which young bosoms endure;
The breeze seems to whisper of visions now faded;
The fountain reminds me of pleasures as pure.

On the banks of thy rushing immutable waters,
My spirit was tranced in the sweet August hours;
When I first heard the voices of Memory's daughters.
And saw the sun rise o'er Pieria's bowers.

Home of my youth! fare thee well, then, forever!
Why nourish thy weeds with the tears of regret?
The pleasures once thine can return to thee never;
In gloom has the star of their destiny set.

MAY BIRDS.

Sweet herald of May flowers, small and brown-coated,
Who loves rural precincts and dwellings of men;
From a boy, on thy clear, mellow tones I have doated,
As they rang in the fresh morning air, little wren.

I have known this quick bird, so devote and endearing,
To build in low, pendent gourd in a shed,
Where she nurst her young family, happy unfearing,
When her garden-reared dwelling was brushed by my head.

And O! how the bosom in boyhood was gladdened
As you came with the tropical breath of Brazil;
When Eurus no more from the cold ocean saddened,
And the evenings inspired the coy whippoorwill.

'Twas joy, ere we rose, in the chill dawn to listen
To chanticleer's call to the matronly hen;
But the youthful heart echoes, when early dews glisten,
The voices of martin, of robin and wren.

The martin and wren on their boxes are singing;
The robin has built in the old poplar tree;
'Round the door the fresh grass in luxuriance is springing,
Where the slate-colored cat-bird hops fearless and free.

'Tis the time of the crab apple blossoms, sweet scented;
With azure Houstonias the meadow is gay;
And sure, if the spirit is ever contented,
It must be in the lap of luxurious May.

The trees in the peach orchard, clothed in their glory,
Seem like roseate clouds that have fallen on snow;

And gay orioles there tell their annual story,
While red-headed woodpeckers tap as they go.

Ruby-winged black birds, the elm branches clouding,
From afar send their medley of strains to our door,
Rapid and sweet as when ripples are crowding
In musical play o'er the pebbly shore.

Mingled with these are the reed-birds' clear voices,
As rapid and mellow their musical bar;
O'er his nest in the thicket the brown thrush rejoices,
And the scarlet-robed tanager glows like a star:

There the humming bird sips of his nectarine diet,
And the white headed bee boldly looks in your face;
All nature in jubilee seems to run riot,
But her wildness is beauty, her frolic is grace.

And lo! when the fires of sunset are burning,
And flash o'er the mountainous clouds in the west,

The train of brown swallows, from forage returning,
Drop one by one to their chimney-built nest.

The yellow-finch sings on the thistle or mullen,
As it waves to and fro in the westerly breeze;
But one bird there is makes the husbandman sullen;
The king-bird when claiming his tithe of the bees.

Thrice welcome ye warblers returned from the tropic;
And May, rosy month, there's a welcome for you!
Not for me shall the nightingale now be a topic,
Nor the sweet Organista that sings in Peru.

Welcome! thou last of the three vernal graces,
Welcome thy cool eve and warm, fragrant day;
Welcome thy brilliant aerial races;
Welcome, thou laughing and garlanded May.

TO TWIN AGED OAKS.

The trees referred to were of immense size, and the stanzas were written after the fall of one of them and the necessary removal of its companion.

FAREWELL to the oaks that oft sheltered my
childhood,
Twin giants which rose from the brow of yon
hill;
The aged memorials of long vanished wildwood,
'Neath whose branches the young deer once
bounded at will.

In the youth of one tree where its trunk was
divided
And branched in a fork—urged by crazing
alarms,
A hunted deer sprang and his destiny decided;
Held fast in the grasp of those vigorous arms.

How oft of their roots I have made a rude pillow,
And gazed over meadow, and thicket and
stream,
Far away over elm tree, and hickory and willow,
Till the distant horizon would fade like a
dream.

And many a sunset, in crimson or golden,
I've watched, as we chatted beneath the old trees!
And many a laughable story we told then,
While the crab-apple blossoms were scenting the breeze.

Oh! memories of youth, of the scenes that are faded,
How much of the Past those old trees would recall;
But now I frequent the sweet spot they once shaded,
To miss my old friends and lament at their fall.

On their branches how oft I have heard the wren singing,
As I rose from the glory of youth's balmy rest;
While the oriole towards his safe shelter was winging
His musical way to his long, pendent nest.

And down the green slope, in yon thicket, brown thrushes
Were discoursing of love in their eloquent tongue,
As sweet as the language which damasks with blushes
The Camellia-like cheek of the ardent and young.

Beyond, the broad meadows lie level as ocean,
With Houstonia islets of pale azure hue,
Suggestive of many a long past emotion,
When a sportsman, I swept from their petals
the dew.

And there blossom others of Flora's gay races,
Every one a memorial of times that are past;
Of rambles and frolics, and young laughing faces,
When the hours, like swallows, flew happy
and fast.

And when I was first with yon river acquainted,
All rosy with Morning's first midsummer's
beam:
What a world of green leaves and red flowers
were painted
On the calm, lucid breast of the willow-fringed
stream.

There seeking the wild duck so stealthy and
steady,
We crept among briars, and willow and birch;
Or cast the live minnow in ripple and eddy,
For the arrowy pike or the thorny-finned
perch.

Then the bath: to young limbs overheated, but
healthy,

What ease kings may know, to its joys can
compare?
What basins of marble for citizens wealthy,
With the green halls of Nature and hay-
scented air?

And then after toiling up hill, how delicious
To lie, in glad rest, 'neath a cloud of green
leaves;
Or to court the fresh zephyr, so shy and capricious,
While harvest fields round us were dotted
with sheaves.

That shade is no more, and the hill bears no
token
That ever an oak looked o'er meadows afar:
But alas! dearer links of the past are now
broken,
And a spirit is gone, like the Pleiad's lost star.

A heart, that, as summer, was ardent and sunny.
And never by folly or madness unstrung;
Ah! the city's proud circle, the magic of money,
Can never replace one that loved us when
young.

One with every loved scene of my childhood
connected,
With the God-given charms of a mother to me:

Farewell to the kind heart so loved and respected,
Passed away from the scene with the time-honored tree

Farewell, ancient oaks, in your infancy knowing
But the red man and deer of the forest, where now
Are Pomona and golden-haired Ceres bestowing
Their bounteous wealth on the track of the plow.

Other trees 'round the mansion their tall crests are rearing.
But not of the past do they commune with me;
A spirit once here is no longer endearing
The spot where once flourished the ancient oak tree.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Bird of the mist-like murmuring wing,
Afar from warm Brazilian bowers,
Love lights thy native home when Spring
Unfolds her later flowers.

When dew-drops brighter than the gem
Upon a monarch's diadem,
Glitter on every shining leaf
Like tears which are not shed by grief,
But such as dash the smiles of youth:
Love's offering at the shrine of Truth,
Making Golconda of the scene,
  When orient sunshine glances o'er
Arachne's webs along the green,
With frequent buttercups between,
  On Nature's palace floor—
Thou tiny spirit of the air!
  With sylph-like motion, glad and free;
Who can thy meteor presence spare,
  Whose childhood passed near thee?

For near our door thou lov'st to dip
  Thy bill in the Bignonia's blooms;
And of its nectar juices sip
  Amid the Spring perfumes!

Of all the dashing tribes of air,
  Thou art the glory of young May;
Most loved of gentle maidens fair,
  The happy and the gay.

And when the ardent sunbeam burns,
  While other birds have sought their bowers,

Thy active bill unceasing turns
To the deep bosomed flowers!

Yet not alone thine eye of light
Or meteor speed or plumage bright
Endears thee to my heart;
But thy affections, pure and warm,
Are worthy of such graceful form,
All passion as thou art!

While kindred minstrels idly sing,
Thy anxious cares thy love attest,
And warn each bird of bolder wing,
To shun the precincts of thy nest;

Oft have I seen thee trim thy wing,
At rest o'er the Impatiens pale;
Where cat-birds and the brown thrush sing,
In Abbottville's wood-cinctured vale.

'Tis there the beech tree's smoothest bark
Records my boyhood and o'erlooks
In that deep valley's bosom dark,
The meeting of two lucid brooks.

And I ne'er see thy tiny wings,
Thou seraph of the summer air,
But Fancy guides me to those springs
To meet thee and thy spirit there.

'Twas in vacation's glorious days,
When fruitful Autumn turns to gold
The stubble field and youthful maize,
That I enjoyed thy haunts of old.

This grateful, cool and shady dell,
In the full blaze of fiery hours,
No fancied landscape could excel,
With other birds and other flowers.

But soon the actual scene departed;
Those gauze-like wings and waters cool;
Too soon the boy was gone, downhearted,
To prosy life at home and school.

DISCONTENT.

LIFE's Autumn is now stealing o'er me,
And withers each tendril of mind—
The gloom of Despair is before me;
The sunset of pleasure behind.

The friends of my youth have departed,
No being now echoes my moan;
With many a loved one I started,
But now I must journey alone.

I deemed not that joy like the bubble
  Of ocean, was transient though bright;
That smiles could be clouded by trouble,
  As skies may be darkened ere night.

Like the pure brook descending the mountain,
  My heart was once flowing and clear;
Now far from the source of the fountain,
  How turbid its waters appear!

We sing of Life's sweet breathing flowers;
  When plucked, is it strange they should die?
We eagerly wing the gay hours,
  Yet muse on their flight with a sigh.

There is poison in every chalice
  Youth offers, though filled with delight—
What are smiles but disguises of malice—
  The sun makes the thunder-cloud bright.

But its splendor scarce lingers a minute;
  How dark when the sunbeams expire!
Desolation is reigning within it,
  And Death wings the bolt of his ire.

The fruits of our Autumn are bitter,
  Whate'er were the blossoms of Spring—
Is not death to the proud eagle fitter,
  Than the loss of his joy-giving wing?

And when Time steals the wings of emotion,
And Hope's we can borrow no more;
We are wounded birds floating on ocean,
That once we could lightly skim o'er.

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER'S blushing sun has chased away
The modest Dian, ever cold and shy;
And the bright promise of a faultless day
Lights the thin clouds along the eastern sky.

From swaying trees the dropping nuts we hear;
Red apples glow upon the orchard ground;
The paths are strewn with brilliant leaves tho' sere,
Which the wind scatters with a rustling sound.

Now hoar frost falls upon a world of green,
And a vast wealth of varied colors crowd
The mead, the forest, every Autumn scene,
Brightening towards sunset like the evening cloud.

In the fresh breeze the graceful willows stir,
And grapes in purple festoons grace the vines;
While from each rustic fence the gossamer
Floats on the sweet breath of the singing pines.

Each road is bordered by the Asters pale ;
Their deep blue sisters haunt the forest shade ;
Sweet Gentian blossoms and the russet vale
Seems fretted gold with turquoise gems inlaid.

The emerald grain now hides the umber clod,
Where late the plow inurned a wealth of flowers ;
With pendent bloom the frequent golden rod
Spreads its sweet influence o'er the Autumnal hours.

Yon scarlet maple by the dark spruce glows,
Draped in an azure veil of mystic haze ;
And in the harvest field, in frequent rows,
The farmer's pride, lie heaps of golden maize

In the soft air the roving crow rejoices,
And *caws* his pleasure from some lofty tree ;
And blackbirds, with their many, mingling voices,
Make musical the woodland-bordered lea.

These dark plumed birds, while singing low, now cluster,
To wing their way to some serener shore,
When stern November comes with all his bluster,
And starry Asters glad the eyes no more.

The air is now the softest that can be;
Odorous and brilliant the disrobing wood,
Where Fancy loves to dwell and honor thee,
Thou fairest of the Autumn sisterhood.

A COMPARISON.

THERE was a solitary cloud at morn
Coursing the eastern sky, and the sun rising
Smiled on it, in his splendor, to adorn
Its fleecy bosom with a blush surprising;
And bright it sailed the heaven in fairy guise,
As Cleopatra's golden banner flew,
Gilding th' unruffled Cydnus, and all eyes
Were turned in admiration, till its hue
Faded into a pale and silvery dress
As day advanced. Thus beauty charms the boy;
She seems, in her surpassing loveliness,
To move in a bright heaven of stainless joy,
And young hearts are as altars, offering there
Incense; or flowers, their fragrance to the dawn—
Then fades the brilliant banner on the air,
All pale and silvery, when the flush is gone.

Thus Beauty's splendor we may fail to find
In the full lustre of Life's garish day;
Except the pure undazzling light of Mind,
Which neither Time nor Custom takes away;
More truly beautiful, it then outvies
That gorgeous bloom which fascinates all eyes.

1824.

EARLY SPRING.

WINTER retiring leaves his tracks upon
The spongy paths, and his ice-tempered breath
Comes frequent o'er young March's unadorned
And half-clad bosom; the old tyrant sends
His snowy wrath upon the earliest flowers
Which patient Spring has nurtured. 'Tis the time
Of sun and chilling clouds, which alternate
In rapid evolutions; while the trees
Fear to put on their vernal robes, and wave
Their bare arms rather in the wintry air,
Than have their finery blackened by the frost.
At intervals a distant sparrow sings;
The earliest wanderer who has flung his love
Upon the wintry silence of the air,

In such sweet accents that the attentive ear
Is not the only witness, but the heart
Exultingly proclaims the voice of Spring.
Still there are charms we miss, and pensive sadness
Comes o'er our pleasure like the sudden shower
Of fickle March; 'tis when no bird is singing;
No tree puts forth a promise of the shade;
No flower except the Draba's tiny petals
Unfolds o'er earth's chill bosom; when no bee
Prospects the barren fields, and silence now
Is broken only by the winds of March
As they rush through the tops of serried pines
Or darker cedars, and albeit the tone
May be the same as in the liberal June,
It is not so to Fancy, not for her
Are all the delicate wavelets of the air
Which cross each other in the summer hours
And make, in combination, harmony
That lends seductive influence to the pines
When their sweet cadence fills the ardent hours,
While overhead the delicate, slender leaves
Wave in a silvery light so beautiful
That Druid souls might well desert the oaks
And offer their orisons to the pines.
Not Winter, in his mantle of pure snow
And crowned with icicles, can fill the heart

With such a shadow of dark Melancholy,
As Spring does in her loneliness, ere yet
She weaves her chaplets, and from every tree
Pours the sweet flood of native eloquence.

THE BEECH TREE.

Yon beech tree's arms are stretched above
A gentle slope and mossy nook,
As fit a spot to cradle Love,
As ever verged a lucid brook,
Which plays beneath the beech-tree's roots,
And prattles of my boyhood time,
In sweeter cadence than the flute's
Or magic of the Poet's rhyme.
Upon that tree's unwrinkled trunk
Faintly the boy's name still appears,
To a mere trace of sculpture shrunk
By outgrowth in prosaic years.
But yet how vividly the scene
Does Memory paint upon the spot
Where I reclined upon the green
And all of actual life forgot;
Wrapt in an atmosphere of love
Lit by the Ideal's orient beams,

Where that young beech-tree waved above
A fairy land of transient dreams.
Yes, then the tree and I were young,
And all was youth around to me;
A history of the past unsung,
Beneath that smooth, unscutcheoned tree.
What wingéd years have flown between
The Present and the distant Past!
And yet the moss is fresh and green;
The fountain seems as pure and fast;
There is no change come o'er the tree,
Except its trunk is broader grown;
The flowers my boyhood saw I see—
Alas! 'tis I have changed alone.
How few remain on earth to mark
The traces of the distant years!
How few will read upon the bark
A name that faintly there appears,
Knows aught of him who graved the name,
Or those who then beheld the tree!
To alien hearts 'tis only Fame
Can make a spot remembered be,
Or give an interest to the trace
Of him whose name as yet remains,
Which a few summers shall erase,
Or veil with greenish lichen stains!
There's not a hope but long has fled

Which consecrated flower or tree,
There's not a joy my spirit led
In an entranced captivity,
That lingers now beside the brook,
A dryad of this lonely spot;
And yet I come to muse, and look
On scenes that ne'er can be forgot.
Familiar faces seem to glow
Again with all the bloom of youth:—
On Crosswicks creek I seem to row
With phantom forms of Love and Truth,
With lads now sunk beneath the sod,
Still living to poetic ken,
And girls with whom we gaily trod
The carpet of this mossy glen.
Adieu, thou old and dreamful tree,
And flower and fountain, now adieu!
If summer comes again for me,
So will I come again to you.

TO MISS ——, WITH A GROUP OF SHELLS AND CORAL.

DID you, my friend, e'er have a sea-side notion
To tread the beach along the sloping sand,
Or chase the refluent waves of restless ocean,
Who loves to ~~curl his breakers o'er the land~~ roll and gambol on the strand?

If so, did Fancy ever paint the treasures
  Which decorate old Neptune's coral halls,
Or speculate on graceful Nereids' pleasures,
  Or the proud lustre of their coronals?
Well, I will tell you what befell the Poet,
  Who visited the cryptical domain;
I often fancied, but I wished to know it,
  What is the prospect under Neptune's reign.
Alas! the gems, the riches without measure
  Would dim the cabinets of earthly kings,
But the old monarch will not have his treasure
  Revealed to shame the pride of earthly things.
There with the Nereids I became acquainted,
  And a bright circle of gay nymphs are they;
Such glorious shells they fashioned there and painted!
  Such lights about their coral chambers play!
A string of pearls with more than terrene lustre
  Upon each white neck in profusion lies,
And diamonds in their amber tresses cluster,
  Larger yet not more brilliant that their eyes:
For they are Neptune's handmaids, and their faces
  Show where the light of the Ideal dwells;
And their lithe figures crowned with fairy graces
  Are far less tangible than mortal belles.

The sea-king crowns no mortal brow with laurels,
But his fair Nereids have arranged a few
Shells 'neath the white arms of the branching
corals
And send these treasures of the deep to you.
But as I rose above the tumbling surges,
My heart, resolve and courage almost failed;
For when the shell above its home emerges,
The sea-born colors instantly have paled.
Such as they are, they form an ocean present
Which the bright sea-nymphs beg you to
accept:
And as their agent I affirm 'tis pleasant
To know that I my hearty promise kept.

THE HOUSTONIA CERULIA.

Ye azure children of indulgent May,
Who paint the meadow with your delicate
hue,
Pure as the sunny heavens;—if not as gay
As rose or orange lily, yet with you
Is linked the memory of my happiest hours,
For you come in a far-extended crowd,
When in the mead is dearth of radiant flowers,
And Flora is more modest then than proud;

When dripping April smiles amid her tears,
A smile, the early promise of the Spring,
That radiant joy which graced our orient years,
And still a sunbeam to the heart will bring.
Now friends of other, happier days are gone,
You will not also evermore forsake
My onward path, but in the Spring-time dawn
On childhood's haunts, when your blue eyes awake,
And look in gladness o'er the violet beds;—
Ah! would that Hope and Love might emulate
Your constancy, which ever kindly sheds
A light of other days o'er Time and Fate.
A light which yearly on your petals glances,
When swallows come and bees are murmuring;
'Tis then my spirit jubilant advances
To meet you in pied meadows in the Spring.
Where once I trod with buoyant step in gladness
With lost companions who were young and gay;
But now I meet you with a pensive sadness,
For my heart wanders to those friends away.

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